WHERE BULLETS FELL

Appearance of the Bull Run Battle Fie'd Today.

TRAGEDY OF THE HENRY HOUSE

Talk With the Survivor of the Family Occupying the Place.

SCENES OF PEACE



HIRTY-FOUR years ago today and tomorrow, July 20-21, 1861, the first serious war was fought at Bull Run.

fought in the battle of Bull Run remembers the Henry house.. It was the and the taking of the

plateau upon which the whole aim of the federal my, and to keep it the whole aim of the confederates. They kept it. The old house was pretty badly demoralized by the cross firing of friend and foe, and a new house was built on the stones that held the old one. Bleak and bare, and brown with the storms of many winters, the warpings of many a summer sun, it stands, as a Star of as fair a scene as artist ever pictured. walls of corn and waving grain fields. Its sole tenants are Prof. Henry, son of he former owner, and a faithful colored and chambermaid to the old man, the sum of se life was totaled when the smoke of whose life was totaled when the smoke of that battle rolled beyond the Blue Ridge mountains, leaving him lonely and bereft of loved ones, when the sun of existence was already far down the western slopes. For twenty years or more he had been the professor of a young ladies' seminary in Alexandria. When he heard that the battle was raging about the home of his mother, who was bedridden with old age, with no one to care for her but her daughter, then a woman near sixty, and a black servant or two, he left his school and started home. He had to walk and hide himself for hours at



a time to keep out of the way of the enemy, and he did not reach home till the second day after the battle.

Even yet, he cannot speak calmly of the fearful sight that met his eyes. Along the lane leading up to his home the roadside was red with the scariet uniformed zou-aves, who sold their lives so dearly in the last fearful charge. The demoralized armies had sone off and left their dead unburied, and the air was black with the birds of prey, greedy for the fast preparing gorge. His home was a blackened and battered ruin, and his mother was dead!

When order came to open fire, it was so hastly given that the confederates, who held the Henry house, gave no thought to its inmates, and the frightened women were left alone in the center of the field with the enflading fire of heavy batteries from both sides of the conflict raking their residence from front and rear, from right thank and left! It was a cruel thing to

idence from front and rear, from right festions from from the fact from fight and left! It was a cruel thing to leave them thus, for there was absolutely no mode of 'scape. The poor bedridden old lady and her daughter crawled into the big wide fireplace, but the bricks and mortar knocked off by flying bullets fell upon them and drove them back.

and drove them back.

Then Mrs. Henry asked to be carried to a small ravine close to the house, where it seemed to her the bursting shell might fly



Ruins of the Henry House.

She was injured while being carried down, and struck while there. Terrified, she begged to be taken back again, and was scarcely laid upon her bed when a bursting shell wounded her cruelly in the side. Thirteen times she was wounded and torn by balls and splintered shells before death cut her torment short. The daughter was not wounded seriously.

Prof. Henry's first sad duty was to bury his mother. You can see the grave today,

Prof. Henry's first sad duty was to bury his mother. You can see the grave today, close by the house, with its tall, white slab, "Sacred to the memory of Judith Henry," the first woman killed in the war of the rebellion. Close beside her lies her daughter. You have to push the briar roses aside to find the graves, roses as red as the blood of the martyr, and roses as white as the pure purpose of her life.

Prof. Henry has never left the old place. He is a feeble old man now, and very deaf, but always courteous to callers. He reads and thinks and broods over the incidents of that awful time, and since that July day life has not held much of interest else. With infinite patience he has marked every spot on the whole plantation inside the Henry bounds with placards, showing where each

bounds with placards, showing where each command stood and how the batteries were located, where each brave officer fell, and where the high tide of blood rolled deepest. That spot was marked by other hands than his before the close of the war. Those



The New Henry House.

who took part on the loyal side in that battle erected a monument on the spot where the fighting was a hand-to-hand conflict. It is of soft sandstone, found near where the fighting was a hand-to-hand conflict. It is of soft sandstone, found near the Manassas Junction, is twenty-seven feet high, including the base, and stands on an elevated mound. On each corner is a tail block of sandstone, and on each rests a conical 100-pounder shell, the top being surmounted by one of the same.

On one side of the monument is the inscription "In Memory of the Patriots Who Fell at Buil Run, July 21, 1861." On the other side, "Erected June 10, 1865." It was constructed by the sixteenth Massachusetts light battery, and nearly every surviving officer who fought in that battle was present at the dedication. Envious tine has laid her vandal fingers heavily upon the, at best, rough memorial stone, and it is far on the way to tumbling over, while the soft sandstone will soon leave of the inscription only a memory Relic hunters have wantonly defaced it, too. It ought to be renovated before it is too late.

Hardly a day passes that some one who

fought in the battle of Bull Run, or who had friends in it, does not call upon Prof. Henry and ask to be shown over the battle ground. He has told the story so often that he reels it off like a machine, and if you break in on him with a question it confuses him, and he has to go back and begin all over again. He tells the story well, though, and there isn't much room for questions,



for he covers all the ground, if you will just give him a chance. He will point you to the exact spot on which Gen. Jackson stood with Stannard's battery, when Gen. Bee is said to have called to his routed men. "Form! Form! See! There stands Jackson like a stone wall!"

To be sure Jackson's nephew has scouted the story, and says it isn't true, but Prof. Henry believes in it firmly, and has the spot so marked. He will show you where Gen. Bee fell and was buried, and where Barnard fell. Where Col. Campbell fell when leading his canny Scots up the plateau, and will point you off in the distance where he was buried, close by the house of Mr. Dogan, who lives right there yet. He will show you the spot where Hampton got his wound, and Jackson and Beauregard and Imboden and Col. Fisher. And where Col. Johnston of Hampton's Legion was killed.

He will point out to you the "Robinson" house, and the "Stone" house, down in the hollow by the Warrenton pike, and the stone bridge and the site of Sudley Church, and the old ford. It is all historic, this land. There is the old Chinn house, too, off among the trees; he will tell you that loyal people live in it now. These houses don't look much the worse for wear, either. A little more moss has gathered on them. Some patched-up places, where impertinent shells bit big holes in them, add to rather than detract from the picturesqueness.

The gently rounded hills are covered with timber of good growth, and you scarcely believe that at the meeting of the armies, thirty-three and thirty-four years ago the face of the country was swept almost clean of trees. Tall and slim and stately stands the new forest, its infancy nurtured by the blood of thousands of brave hearts, both those who were the blue and those who wore the gray. Where some of these trees stand Prof. Henry has marked them as monuments to the memory of Col. John Siocum and Maj. Ballou and brave Col. Haggerty of the Irish regiment.

He will point the exact spots where Cols. Hunter, Heintzleman, Wilcox, Gilman, Martin, Wood

famous since! He will point you out the Leachman house in the distance, Beauregard's headquarters for a time, one of the typical old southern homesteads, where a hospital was made for the sick and wounded. And he will say that a solid shot still shows up in one corner of it. He will tell you about how disease carried off several of the boys in blue, and they were buried down in the young orchard, and time effaced every sign of graves.

And how, twenty-five years afterward, some northern people, a lady, for one, stopped at this hospitable home for some days, and got to telling them of a wayward son who ran away from home, and the last they heard of him he was in this battle. They tell her of the unfortunate dead, buried down in the orchard, and suggest that in some such manner her son may have died. And then they all talk, and talk, till hope springs up in the mother's hungry heart, and hope grows into conviction. The old colored servitor who buried the dead is sent for, and told to find the obliterated graves, if possible. He digs, and digs, and digs, for weeks, till almost the whole surface of the orchard, now full of grown trees, is turned up with his spade. But one day he struck an obstruction, and then another, and at last from the bodies taken up one was identified, and the precious dust sent to rest in the ancestral cemetery, among northern plnes. And that is but one of the thous-

from the bodies taken up one was identified, and the precious dust sent to rest in the ancestral cemetery, among northern places. And that is but one of the thousands of romances of the war.

Fair and peaceful as the "Happy Valley" might be looks this battlefield today, but if that fair country had tongues for each soul set free there in the two battles fought within thirteen months of each other it could a tale unfold that would rival that of Hamlet's ghost.

"On to Richmond" was the popular war cry of the north, and "on to Richmond" McDowell undertook to go. He got as far as Manassas, twenty-seven miles southwest, and met with a serious obstruction, his forces, numbering about 27,000, being "met up with" by the opposing forces of the confederates, under Beauregard, numbering nearly 35,000. In the conflict that followed the federal loss was 16 officers and 444 enlisted men willed; 78 officers and 1,046 enlisted men missing; 25 pieces of critilers and large quantity of small 1.262 enlisted men missing; 25 pieces of artillery and a large quantity of small

1,262 enlisted men missing; 25 pieces of artillery and a large quantity of small arms.

Confederate loss—Twenty-five officers and 362 enlisted men killed; 63 officers and 1,519 enlisted men wounded; 1 officer and 12 enlisted men missing. It was called a confederate victory. It certainly was a federal rout. There are people living in Washington today who rode out to the scene of the battle, confidently expecting a Union victory. Society women, arrayed as if for a coaching party, went merrily off to see their favorite blue-coated officers pluck laurels as one gathers daisies from the field. They remained long enough to see them vainly try to rally their demoralized forces, and then themselves formed a part of the panic-stricken mob which field back to Washington.

SETTING THE DAY.

The Woolng of Her as It Will Be in the Years to Come.

From Brooklya Life.
"You look tired, dear." The man who had given up his life to the young girl who so solicitously questioned him, gazed down tenderly into the eyes uplifted so searchingly into his. "I am a trifle tired, my darling," he said, "Our cooking class was a little longer than

sual this afternoon, and it has told upon

usual this afternoon, and it has told upon me."

"Yes, dear," she replied sympathetically.
"I have heard mother tell how wearing they were to her, and I can understand in a measure how irksome they must be. Is this all you have been doing today?"

"Oh, no!" he cried. "This morning I attended a most absorbing lecture on the care of the household, the first of a series that are to be given this season. It was so helpful."

"I can imagine so," she replied softly. "Although a subject that has never claimed my serious thought, I can appreciate just how inspiring talks of this sort must be to one so ambitious as yourself."

"Indeed, yes, and that is not all," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "I am looking up the subject of home decoration, and it is wonderful what a vast field it is. They asked me if I would prepare a paper on the use and abuse of tidies," he added modestly, "but I haven't enough confidence in myself."

"Oh, why don't you?" she cried. "I am sure you could do it, dear, and all these things will be such a help in your future life. You are a dear, good boy, and you try so hard to please me."

With an exclamation of delight, her future life companion, the look of wearines on his face giving place to one of the greatest hopefulness, drew her swiftly to his arms.

"Do you think so?" he sald. "Ah, my

arms.
"Do you think so?" he said. "Ah, my dearest, how I have toiled to hear you say those words—the first words of praise for me that have ever, fallen from your lips, and now that you have spoken, tell me when can I claim my reward and call you my own?" my own?"

And there was a look of intermingled satisfaction and complacency in her face

satisfaction and complacency in her face as she replief:
"I think, James, dear, if you keep on in the way that you have begun, that in three or four years you will be fitted to take up-on yourself the duties of a husband."

The First View.

From Life.

She-"So there are the Alps at last!" He-"Must be. You don't suppose a firstclass tourist company like this would work off any substitutions or imitations on its patrons?"

Her Father Taught Her.

rom the Wheeling Corner Stone. First Wall Flower-"How gracefully Miss Western holds up her train." Second Wall Flower-"It ought to come if it were not true."
Freddy—"Well, I suppose he played hookey and didn't get caught." natural, for they say her father started life as a road agent."

THE OLD MONITORS

Antiquated Craft Which Are to Come to League Island. lence Philadelphia Times.

The fleet of single-turreted monitors that for a decade have been in keeping near Richmond will be taken to Philadelphia enough to get them there, and the James river tourists will hereafter miss one of the unique scenes of the river trip. For the last twenty years they have been

in soak, as it were, in the muddy waters of this historic stream. They are all singleturret monitors, built on the model of the waspish craft which fought the memorable duel with the confederate ironclad Merri-mac, in Hampton Roads, and set the fashion for the armor-protected navies of the

mac, in hampion todats, and set the tashion for the armor-protected navies of the world.

The monitor fleet, originally numbering thirteen vessels, were placed in James river to protect them from the deteriorating effects of salt water.

They were all single-screw steamers of 340 horse power, and each carried two guns. The Ajax, Canonicus, Mahopac, Manhattan and Wyandotte are 2,100 tons each, while the Catskill, Jason, Lehigh, Montauk, Nahant, Nantucket, Passaic and Comanche are of 1,875 tons each.

Their number has gradually been decreased by detail for practice boats for the naval reserve, and on account of worthlessness, until, when the order of Secretary Herbert came to remove them to Philadelphia, only six remained in the fleet here. Two of these—the Catskill and Lehigh—were last week put in shape under the supervision of Chief Engineer John Love, as far as could be done at this point, to be towed to the Norfolk navy yard to be prepared for their trip to Philadelphia.

Powerful government tugs were assigned to the removal of these relics of the late war, and though the monitors have had steam up in the last few days to test their machinery, they were not trusted to their own power, but were towed to Norfolk Sunday by the tugs.

It is the purpose of the government to have these two boats, which are the best of the fleet, put in such condition as will

NO REALLY WILD HORSES.

All Are Said to Be Descendants of Those That Once Were Domesticated. From a Paper Read Before the Bombay Historical Society.

Is there such a thing as the wild horse, an aboriginal or truly wild horse, in the world now? The answer is more than doubtful. The mustang of Mexico, the wild norse of the South American pampas, the brumbi of Australia, sall are descendants of the domesticated animals introduced of the domesticated animals introduced from Europe. The first horse was landed, in America at Buenos Ayres in 1537. In 1580—that is, in less than fifty years—horses had spread to regions as remote as Patagonia. In Australia the diffusion of horses that have escaped from civilization has been quite as rapid, and in 1875 it was found recessary to shoot as many as 7000 wild. necessary to shoot as many as 7,000 wild horses in the colony of New South Wales

alone.

In some parts of Australia the horse pest has received legislative notice. The wild horses tempt domestic horses to join them, and wild stallions also invade the Australian horse runs and vitiate choice herds and wild stallions also invade the Australian horse runs and vittate choice herds in a most annoying manner. They recur to the ancestral manners in a way that is always the same. Each stallion has his following of mares, ranging from a few up to forty and even fifty, and these parties may be separate or banded together in herds of considerable size, even, it is said, 400 strong. The young and the weak mares remain with a scanty or even no following. The stallion has to maintain his supremacy by frequent combats, which especially occur at certain seasons of the year. The animals are suspicious in the extreme, swift in flight, but bold in defense with tooth and heel in emergency. They range extensively in search of pasture and water, and when hard pressed by danger and famine the herds break up. It is said that each troop has a leader and implicitly obeys him. He is the first to face danger and give the hint to fly. When pressed the horses form a ring, with the mares and foals in the center, and defend themselves vigorously with their heels, or they close in on their opponent in dense masses and trample him to death.

It is distinctly proven, then, that there can be no aboriginal or wild horse in either

THE MOST EXPENSIVE SHORT

IT WON THE CAPITAL PRIZE OF

AND OTHER NEWSDAPERS. IT IS

ENTITLED THE LONG ARM

BEGINNING AUG. 3 P

UPON THE

THIS REMARKARLE STORY WAS

WRITTEN DY-MISSAVARY E

COLLABORATION WITH MR, JOSEPH

America or Australia, although there are tens of thousands of unknown horses. Tradition peints to Central Asia as the original abode of the horse, and there the original stock of wild horses may still possibly exist. Darwin's statement that no aboriginal or truly wild horse is known to exist must still be held as explaining the exact position of this question. But we must supplement it by stating that it is not certain that truly wild horses do not exist; and, on the whole, conclude that the evidence is in favor of the existence of the wild horse in Central Asia, but that we have no evider ce as, to his pedigree in relation to domestication. The wild horse of the British Islands is now practically the Shetland pony, but he is not the powerful animal described by Cassar. The domesticated animal everywhere, however, reverts very easily to the savage state. The paces of a wild horse are a walk and gallep. The double and the canter are artificial, and it is stills a mooted question as to whether the wild horse ever trots.

Defuelizing Wood.

From the New York Tribune.
"Defuelization" is a new word added to

the language, told in a story by Senator

Palmer about an Illinois farmer who for

several years had been selling him wood

ame to me with a load and I told him that I did not want it. He offered it at \$2 a cord. I still refused, and he wanted to know why I would not take it at \$2. I told him I was using soft coal, for which I paid \$1.37 a ton.

"'Gosh!' he exclaimed, 'I heard you was trying to demonstrate rilyer but now you're

trying to demonetize silver, but now you're trying to defuelize wood."

He used to be the meekest man In all the human race; But since he bought a bleycle

Changed.

"This year," says Senator Palmer,

for \$6 a cord.

WILKINS, THE FOREMOST

E. CHAMBERLIN OF BOSTON.

AMERICAN NOVELIST, IN

THIS DOOR OPENS

MYSTERY OF MISS

WILKINS' STORY

STORY EVER PUBLISHED.

\$2000.0FFERED BY THIS

AND WILL APPEAR IN OUR

COLUMNS &

WEDSE ARM

IS THUS?

permit them to be loaned to those states which have naval reserves, as practice boats. Of the four monitors which will re-main here some time longer it is said some

main here some time longer it is said some will be sold for scrap iron.

So long as the navy had more officers than ships the monitors served as a berth for a commander and a goodly number of officers and men, but now that the navy has grown and there are many ships without crews the Secretary of the Navy has determined to utilize these men for more active service and to save the expense of \$50,000 a year required for their maintenance.

\$50,000 a year required for their maintenance.

For years the monitors and their crews have been the pets and show things of this city, and the merchants have reaped the profit of the supplies furnished them. Periodically threats have been made of removing them, but the protest of the chamber of commerce, backed by the influence of their Congressman, was sufficient to keep them here. This method, however, was no longer potent.

The monitors have also played their part in the fashionable life of the city. Superstructure after superstructure was placed on board the Ajax until the commander's quarters became quite ample for purposes of entertaining, and the steam launch carried down many gav parties in summer to enjoy the hospitalities of the compander's family.

The eighty or a hundred men who now make un their crews have had a layy time.

family.

The eighty or a hundred men who now make up their crews have had a lazy time of it for years and a berth on the monitors has long been a synonym for an easy place. Most of them have married in Richmond and some of them built up little homes and families and the change for them will be very distressing.

The Inevitable Conclusion.

From Life.
Freddy—"Mamma, our principal says that

his school days were the happiest days of his life. Do you believe that?" Mamma-"Certainly. He wouldn't say so

TEXAS SNAKE BARS.

Necessary Precautions in Home Along the Rio Grande. From the Philadelphia Times.

J. D. Mason, a well-known traveling man,

who has just returned from a business trip through southwest Texas, gives the following interesting account of a peculiar phas of life in that part of the world: "There is a little strip of country," said Mason, "in Texas down by the Rio Grande where snakes are literally too numerous to mention. They are really as thick as the proverbial dead leaves of Vallombrosa, and the most abstemious man in existence sees

enough snakes in a minute to knock him silly. I have a friend, Jim Hughes by name, living down in that region, who owns a cattle ranch, consisting of 1,500 acres of land, and really and truly the trail of the serpent was over them all. Jim has a wife who is the prettiest little woman west of the Mississippi, and two of the dearest little girls in the whole world, I reckon, and for a long time Jim was put to it to know how to protect his family from the snakes. He said that it used to be so that during the first warm days of early spring, when the snakes were just awakening from their torpor, he and his ranchmen, cowboys, &c., would just have to leave the cattle to their fate and form a cordon about the house to keep the reptiles out. Nowadays, though, such constant precaution is not necessary, as he has hit upon a device to circumvent the snakes to a certain extent. He manages to do this by fencing in the house yard with close-woven wire netting.

"To begin with, however, he had to dig a ditch all around the place to a depth of about four feet, and plant cedar posts, letting them stand about six feet above the level of the ground. Then on these posts he stretched ten-foot wire netting and threw the dirt back in the ditch. By this means you see, he had four feet of netting underground, which prevented the snakes burrowing beneath and coming into the yard, and a six-foot fence above, which only the more adventurous reptiles try to surmount. Now and then a little snake will manage to wriggle through the meshes of

DUELS AMONG STUDENTS

Still Scratching One Another as in Earlier Years.

Heldelberg's University Prison-A Reminder of Bismarck's Youthful Days-Some of the Fights

From the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. The two most distinctive institutions Heidelberg, perhaps, are the university constantly carry on. The prison is a use ess inheritance from an antiquated past, evere about it, is agains the law, and, in the university itself, those of Baden, and parently no other two things which the people of the town try harder to maintain, or which, however sorry we may be to recognize it, seem to be quite so attractive drawing card for strangers. In what this peculiar attraction may consist we are mable to say, and it surely is not to be reckoned any more seriously than a passng love for the curious.

In times back every university in Ger-many had its prison, and many still have. many had its prison, and many still have. Each today has its own judge and constables and various laws which the students are supposed to be obliged to observe. Earlier each university was a kind of little state within a state, with very extensive independent judicial powers; but since the enactment of an imperial law regarding this subject in 1878, important changes have taken place. However, there are various classes of disciplinary offenses, such as drunkenness, dueling, insult of a fellow student, unseemly uproar on the public as drunkenness, dueling, insult of a fellow student, unseemly uproar on the public streets or on the university premises, etc., which the university authorities themselves still punish. The sentence may be expulsion or imprisonment in the university carcer for a term of days, or both. This prison system flourished at Heidelberg in a more pronounced form than anywhere else. At Gottingen the visitor may be shown an old door, which earlier stood in the prison of that university, upon which is deeply carved the name of Otto von Bismarck, a bit of workmanship ascribed to the old chancellor when he was sowing his wild boyhood oats.

oats.

The boys when they are sentenced to prison come in great state. They bring their servants with them, if they have any. They drive up in carriages, with mattresses and all the necessary bedclothing, so that their stay may be pleasant as well as profitable. They are also well equipped with paint and all the suitable utensils for mural decoration.

profitable. They are also well equipped with paint and all the suitable utensils for mural decoration.

The duels at Heidelberg are very famous. There is perhaps no university in Germany at which dueling is not practiced, but here it is regarded almost as a religious duty. The sons of the rich congregate at Heidelberg, and they are the people who are especially addicted to this form of student pastime in Germany. It is not an exaggeration to say that between twenty and thirty duels take place here every week during the semester, and these nearly all at the Hirschgasse, a little tavern across the river from Heidelberg, which is known and advertised everywhere as the place of resort for such encounters. It has served in this capacity for a great many years. The signboards point to it. It is mentioned in the guide books, and every one knows of it except the university officials and the police. It is not a ten-minute walk from the center of the town, though it is outside of the city jurisdiction. This, however, seems to be a matter of no moment, for some of the clubs for a period last year fought in the town itself, at a tavern directly in the shadow of the old castle.

There are duels here some three or four

tavern directly in the shadow of the old castle.

There are duels here some three or four mornings every week by the members of the various fighting clubs, of which Heidelberg has an enormous number. The most aristocratic of them all is the Saxo-Borussia. This club bears cartel relations with the Borussia of Bonn, to which the Hohenzollerns belong. Five or six duels between various combatants are usually fought on the same morning.

This is all a curious commentary on law and order as they are supposed to exist in Germany. Such machinery for the enforcement of law as is to be found here flourishes in no other land in the world; and yet, for one reason or another, the duel goes on unhindered. By the laws of the empire, without taking into account the penalties prescribed by the lower jurisdictions, there is the most severe punishment for dueling and the challenging to duel. In spite of various attempts to make other interpretations, the student duels have by the supreme court of the empire been decided to be duels in the sense of the law. Yet publicly in the reichstag, no longer ago than last winter, an esteemed member of the kaiser's ministry declared himself and Yet publicly in the reichstag, no longer ago than last winter, an esteemed member of the kaiser's ministry declared himself and his government at issue not only with the laws and the supreme court, but with whatever moral feeling there may be in the land against this malevolent form of evil. That there is a strong feeling against the systematic mutilation of the human face in the universities there can be no doubt, although it is sometimes difficult to discern. Those who are opposed to it, however, are so far removed from the throne of authority that they cannot make their influence felt. It is one of those abominations, of which there are several in Germany, that there will be no way to uproot until there is established a government which can rest in some way upon a free and responsible public opinion. Whatever the government of Germany is today, it is not this.

Dueling is so common at Heidelberg that it is said sometimes by those who do not know their subject that all the students fight. This is, of course, not true, though there is relatively a larger proportion engaged at it here than at some other universities. There are surely not more than 300 fighters out of a whole attendance of 1,200. This figure, however, may be slightly below the mark.

Debit and Credit.

That's nine. Well, I guess that completes it From the liability side. And now for the assets—one item Is all that I find for a guide.

The Season's Change

Helen-"How could you give up Harry

Theory and Practice.

She-"Never mind your views, I'll bring up the family. You go and bring up the coal."



THE EVENING STAR has a

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Excellence Literary Features. Literally Goes Everywhere, and is Everybody. therefore, Advertising Medium, without Whether

I never was good at figures, But now that the ball is done I'll square my accounts, and balance Expenses with girls and fun.

Let's see; the tickets two dollars, And four for the carriage and pair, And three for the Jacqueminot roses-She looked out of sight, I declare.

And yet that lone figure's sufficient To more than offset it—and this Is the fractional part of a minute That I spent in a last good-night kiss.

From the Boston Transcript.

Haussmann for Tom Waterman? You used to think everything of Harry."

Martha—'I know; but the theaters are nearly all closed now, and Tom has such a lovely yacht."

from the Halifax Herald. He-"My views of bringing up a family

the wire and get into the yard, but the big fellows are practically circumvented. Every morning, though, a man goes all over the yard on a tour of inspection, killing all the small snakes that may have crept in, before Mrs. Hughes or the little girls venture out of the house. It is not a very pleasant prospect, either, although you are seated in the house in comparative security, to look over the fence and see the reptiles writhing and squirming in the sun, now and then butting against the fence or clinging to the wire in hideous coiling festoons.

"About two miles away from the place is a little bog or marsh, whence a little stream makes into the river, and here the reptiles breed. Hughes inveigled me into going over one night to the neighborhood of the bog, and I shall never forget the horrible noises that emanated therefrom. The snakes were evidently fighting among themselves, and the bog seemed to be allve with them. Deliver me from another experience like the one that night, and from a home in Texas down by the Rio Grande. Hughes thinks it is the garden spot of the universe, however, and says when he succeeds in getting that marsh properly drained the snakes will disappear." This Color Warranted Not to Run From the Chicago Record.
"You know de w'ite house over yere on de hill?"
"Yep."
"W'at you s'pose the ole woman sald
w'en I axed for a hand-out?"
"Give it up."
"She sez, 'Do you like ven'son?' I sez,
'Yes.' An' then she sez, 'There's a sawbuck out yere—mebbe you can rassle off a
plece if you work right hard.'" She-"Father says if he comes to live with us he expects to pay board. How much do you think I ought to charge him?"

He—"That depends. If he is satisfied with only a hall bed room, I think about \$4,000 a year would be enough.

She Studied to Please.

Enough to Begin On.

a year would be enough.

de hill?"